

SCRIBE Sue - Many thanks, I'm sure you have a lot of people who would talk to me before the run, let alone the fact that I'm right to the minute.
REHASH RUN NO. 17 - RAY ANG and LINDA HOIT.

Thanks to Ray for stopping at [unclear] conversation between enthusiastic young Hasher (is there such a thing) and imperturbable ~~xxx~~ old uncle.

Enter Hasher with shoes caked in mud, hands and face daubed with red dust, and, miniscule thorns sticking in legs.

HASHER- Uncle, you'll never believe it. I've just been on the most fantastic run!
UNCLE - Do tell (He's being sarcastic!)
HASHER X - (Doesn't appreciate sarcasm) Well, we all set off from the most super little field that you have ever seen; beautiful views of the forest in one direction and HDB flats in the other.
UNCLE - Delightful!
HASHER - Well after running on the road for a while, we came across some coarse land, and, we had to balance our way across a stone drain and, then climb up through some prickly bushes and
UNCLE - So that's where you picked up the thorns!
HASHER - Oh no that was later, after we found the first quarry.
UNCLE - Of course.
HASHER - That's when we seemed to split up into two groups, some running diagonally across the base of the quarry while the rest of us continued up and along the top - funny, I really didn't see much of the first group after that, or the paper come to think of it! Then I ran through some more of those horrid prickly bushes and, when I came out, the top of my leg looked like a porcupine's toupé! Still I just smiled and ran on.
UNCLE - Most masochists would.
HASHER - Then we came upon the second quarry and building site. That's when we were covered with the red dust. Someone shouted how healthy we looked! Giggle.
UNCLE - How aesthetic X - do go on.
HASHER - Well we'd just run over a bridge when the air was filled with the most blood curdling scream!!
UNCLE - A wild ~~XXXXXX~~ creature!
HASHER - Nearly, one of the girls had got her leg stuck in the mud! Well after a mini SAS rescue we were off through some fields and, after a road run came to a little kampong. I would have been the first of our group through (boast, boast), but there two enormous, ferocious dogs barking at the entrance. I decided to wait for the others - not that I'm chicken you understand, I just believe in safety in numbers.
UNCLE - Quite so.
HASHER - Then we found it!
UNCLE - WHAT?
HASHER - A check! !
UNCLE - A checked what?
HASHER - Mmm (frustrated sigh), Eventually someone found the trail, and, to the hearty cries of "On X - On you turds," we surge once more on and....
UNCLE - Don't tell me let me guess. You followed what seemed like interminable winding roads, up hill, down hill, cheered on by the occasional cheers of lusty building site workers. Gasping for breath, heart thumping; wondering if this was what a coronary really felt like; you gave one final spurt as the finish came in sight. Other runners were already there drinking - proving that life after death does exist. Then after suitably imbibing you ate the most superb on site meal, cooked to perfection, and then I daresay danced the night away to someone's cassette player.
HASHER - Gasp! How did you know!!
UNCLE - Just an educated guess my dear, just an educated guess.

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Sue Dobson